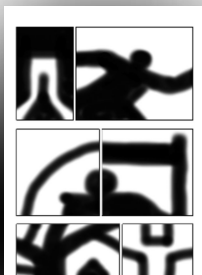




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The Most Cryptic FanFiction Ever



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

*Note: To clarify, the point of this story is to try and avoid any direct references to pre-existing materials and only use details that could apply to multiple, somewhat similar characters, mcguffins, etc. so that even the subtext requires some degree of projection from the reader.

As soon as he ascended the deteriorating rooftop, he surveyed his surroundings; however, he quickly realized that the trail ended here. Just as he was about to turn back, a portal manifested at the opposite edge of the roof, against the twilight. Out spilled a figure, collapsing into a pile and scattering several items around his general vicinity.

The portal closed behind it, but it didn't get up. As he approached, he noticed that the items were gleaming, translucent and...multi-faceted? But they couldn't be jewels; they dwarfed even the largest gems in human history!

...then again, whatever came out of that portal definitely wasn't human.

His thoughts were cut short by a bone-chilling noise and sensation coming from directly under

his feet. He looked down and found cracks appearing and deepening in the roof as it yielded to his weight. When he looked up, a figure was standing in his direction; it instinctively reached out to him as he fell. It was then that he realized the truth.

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This marked the third night in a row that he had this dream, but his heart was pounding just as hard as it did the first time. As he calmed down, light began to fill the room. Seeing that the luminescence was coming from the window, he got up to investigate. His jaw dropped; this wasn't what he needed to see at a time like this, but he rushed out the door to investigate.

Chapter 2 by Tricia L



The shining blue light flared out like a blazing sun, and he wondered where everyone else was. He then saw the grotesque creature from his dreams and immediately pinched himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He winced in pain; he hadn't realized that he could pinch so hard. He knew better, but was inexplicably drawn towards the creature. Luckily, he had his pocket knife. He stabbed at the creature when it was near, injuring it gravely. Or so he thought. The creature dragged him towards it without touching him, a questioning look on its face. "Why'd you do that? It's not like I could be hurt by it; you know this fact to be true."

Chapter 3 by Daniel D'costa



The problem was, he couldn't swim.

"I can assure you i don't," he said, wondering if he had acted too rashly. For the first time he thought about whether this strange creature was saving him or harming him in the dream?

"Wha.. who are you?"

"Really boy, that's hardly the most important question right now." Saying this 'it' turned and started walking down the road pulling the boy easily. The night was now rather dark and yet the creature neither slowed its pace nor did it let the boy go. It was important that he reach soon to his destination. Time really was nobody's friend. The boy was angry now at his helplessness. He never stopped tugging to free himself, obviously to no avail. He knew they had reached wherever they were supposed to since the creature waited for something or someone. "Where are we going?" He asked testily. "Fiesty, are we? No matter. Just a couple minutes more." No sooner had it spoken that a portal opened just behind. Now that he could see it closely, it felt like whirlwind sucking inward. He could see a lake beside the drooping willow trees. Hopefully, their business would be on this side of the lake. This time the creature handled him bodily as

they jumped through the portal into another night. The boy fell not clumsily through. He looked around and his jaw tensed.

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The place they landed in was some sort of a camp. He wasn't sure. There were tents scattered around the grove, and people bustling about. There were men, women, and children, all doing their business. No one paid attention to the boy who just fell out of the sky with a weird creature beside him. But something felt awfully off...

Their clothings. The way they talk. The "food" they're cooking. He realised now. The boy turned to the strange creature who was still standing beside him, "Did we just time travel? Or is this another planet?"

Chapter 6 by CAPSLOCK



"It doesn't matter. We're here now." It said, almost cheerfully.

They went into the clearing, seeing medieval-looking shelters and clothes. People talked in a language that was luckily only English with really bad accents and placements for grammatical structure. He followed the creature, who didn't seem to set off any of the people there and seemed to know where he was going.

It led them into a brightly lit store where the slightly-built man straightened from bending over to shelve something.

"Oh hey, didn't see you there, [insert weird/magical-sounding name here]. Did you get the *Prophesied One*?"

"Yep, [insert common medieval name here]. Here he is! He needs a bit of training though. He's got a long way to go. Can you recommend anyone?"

[Insert common medieval name here] looked him over skeptically.

"You're right. But I know just the place y'all need to go."

He pauses for ultimate dramatic effect, as if telling them normally would kill him.

"Well?" They asked simultaneously.

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